THE

CHELSEA MONARCH:

OR,

MONEY RULES ALL.

A New COURT

BALLAD.

—Quærenda pecunia primum eſt;
Virtus poſt Nummos.—

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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Chelſea Monarch; or, *Money* rules All.

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Tune of, PACKINGTON's *Pound.*

THO' Money thus Reigns----as by Title Divine,
Yet Conſpirers there were---- 'tis a Matter of Fact,
Who had form'd in their Hearts a trait'rous Deſign,
And the Bill againſt Penſions was an Overt-Act.
Yet on the Debate,
We baffled our Fate,
And Corruption was voted a Pillar of State.
Thus for eight Months to come, we are out of our Pain,
'Till *S-ndys* with his Motion, ſhall vex us again.

Should

II.

Should a Fervor of Blood, a Fit of Deſire,
Or the Folly of Youth incline ye to Vice,
For Money Dame *Bond*, will do all ye require,
And the Damſel ſeduce to your Arms in a trice:
If to Honour inclin'd,
You a Title would find,
The M-n-rch at *Chelſea*, will this Way prove kind:
Your GUINEAS ſucceſs in each Suit will procure,
And gain with like eaſe, either Patient or Whore.

III.

'Tis MONEY my Lads does all's to be done,
'Tis Gold that makes War, 'tis Gold makes it ceaſe;
The Way to apply it, had ſome People known,
'Tis odds that 'ere this, they had bought us a *Peace*.
Yet it can't be deny'd,
They their utmoſt have try'd,
And given large Earneſt on every Side.
Which tho' all proves in vain, yet 'tis certainly Thought,
We ſhall have a *Peace*,—— when we're not worth a Groat.

IV.

By Wealth in the uppermoſt Seats we are ſet,
However 'tis gotten 'tis ſure of Reſpect;
Since Riches then rules, 'tis our Bus'neſs to get,
Nor ever for Form, occaſion Neglect.
If the Gain but abounds,
Ne'er mind how it ſounds,
Pence, Half-pence and Farthings ſoon Riſe unto Pounds.
Do not C-mm-ns and L-rds, thus pick up their Store?
By the *Pawn-brokers* Trade, and the Spoils of the *Poor*.

V.

The City that ſtill is for making the moſt,
Diſlike this New Trade, and reſolved it ſhould down,
The Scheme out of Spight, not from Juſtice they croſs'd,
For what thoſe took a Shilling, theſe oft took a Crown.
When it came to be try'd,
Too ſtrict the Act ty'd,
Unto Honeſty bound, our Citizens cry'd,
We'll e'en drop the Project, where firſt we began,
Face about as we were, and Cheat as Cheat can.

VI.

In each Party this Itch after Money is ſeen,
In the Scribblers of State, and the Railers at ~~Buf~~ Power
While *N*— *A*— for Gold is venting his Spleen,
For Gold *P-t* and *A---ld* talk ſtiff by the Hour:
For the Sake of the Pence,
Againſt Reaſon and Senſe,
For every bad Meaſure find ſome weak Pretence.
On Chance and on Fortune they ~~can~~ lay each Diſaſter,
And prove themſelves Fools as great as their Maſter.

VII.

Let each Noodle no longer ſtand ſcratching his Head,
But if at Preferment the Fool would arrive,
Let him hear but my *Ballad*, if ſung or if ſaid,
And I'll warrant ye Lads it ſhall teach ye to thrive.
Be ſure you get Wealth,
Tho' by Fraud or by Stelth,
Nor ſtick at a Crime, ſo it bring but the Pelf.
For Gold in this Age is the Thing that's held dear,
And is Miſtreſs at once both to *Porter* and *Peer*.

VIII.

Now well fare the ~~*Penſioners*~~ Bishops, who firmly have ſtood,
For the Freedom of Bribery as if for the Gown,
May a See OUT of *Wales* be on *S—k* beſtow'd,
For his Speech ſo well tim'd tho' the Jeſt of the *Town*.
I perceive it quoth he,
Independant they'd be,
Ah! then my good L-rds, what a Sight ſhould we ſee:
Five Hundred unbrib'd! — If they once ſhould come there,
They'd make us turn *Honeſt*, or *Uſeleſs*, I fear!

IX.

Whate'er were at Home — Foreign Nations decide,
By the Samples we ſend in our Agents of State,
Yet where Merit and Party our Choice ſhould guide,
'Tis Money and Intereſt, that ends the Debate.
As lately there were
Of Brother's a Pair,
Since *England* was *England*, their Match was ſeen ne'er;
Whence we paſs all Abroad, by the help of theſe Rules,
For a Nation of Dupes, and an Iſland of Fools.

X.

For tho' Int'reſt ſways here----yet often abroad,
Both Honour and Country, takes place of their Gain,
Of this we too often, Examples have had,
And one very late, from the Friendſhip of *Sp*---
Where not very long ſince,
At their own Expence,
They have built on our Harbour, a Fort of Defence;
Should our Enemies come, they that coming might rue,
And if e'er Things ſhou'd change----we may e'en rue it too.

Tho'

XI.

Tho' Money we covet---we ſcorn the mean Thought
Of earning it fairly, as other Fools do;
At home firſt 'tis wrought, then abroad it is brought,
Our Stocks gain Eſtates, and that at one throw;
Nay, mark what I ſing,
To our Doors we it bring,
And a Lottery ſupplies all the Trade o'th' Spring;
Where the Lucky by chance, grow rich at their eaſe,
Nor ventures their Goods, or themſelves on the Seas.

XII.

D' ye Luſtre affect, d' ye wiſh to be Great,
Have ye fix'd your Deſire, on a Poſt or a Wife;
Would ye ſhine in the Church, would ye riſe in the State,
Make Money the End, and the Aim of your Life,
Be it all your Deſign,
To graſp at the Coin,
For the want then of Nothing, you need to repine;
As I told you at firſt, it is Gold that's held dear,
And whate'er Rules elſewhere---it is Gold that Rules HERE.

FINIS.

FINIS.